

BELCHSINGERSONGGRINDER

Playing and manipulating a lot of instruments and sound-sources in one go by one person is in fact an activity in the field of acrobatics combined with art. The tender balanced process in choosing the right sounds in the right sequence and/or layering with on top of that lyrics , by only one person demands total devotion and discipline in lifestyle and music on an olympic level.

Only through daily, exhaustive training , testing, digested criticism and exposure (being **highly** prolific, live and in media-output and armed with extreme skills in social media networking) , one could climb into the highest ranks of performative arts and music.

The identificationprocess the audience is going through with a miraculous performer like that, is totally natural. Because (however situated in a crowd) in the end, everybody is completely individualistic . Confronted with a musical athletic and yoga-esque talent like this , who is also alone , one could feel his (or her) potentions grow. The power of this artist invades the spectator and warmes him (or her) with an assurance that could be THE eternal flame to heat-up unexpected talents in this person.....Don't underestimate the therapeutic and micro-economic value of this process !

**A NASTY CORPSE-FUCK TO ALL ABOVE FROM
BELCHSINGERSONGGRINDER !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

A heap of homebrew , second hand instruments, stuff, limbs,over-stretched / un-trained vocalchords, cowardous melodies, noise and percussive spasms is the vehicle to transport haunting content with. O yes there is AMBITION ! And sure there is still the part of the nerdy little boy that fumbles around in his fart-invaded room with stuff to make diamonds.

And he's a nice guy , family man and reasonable cook.

But let's be realistic : He just tries to make it to the end of the song, gig or recording to make it the hell out back to live.

Work fast, fighting/worshipping chaos. Making the best of it towards the next job that finances all this highly needed dung and more.

Beauty ? Well yeah, but of the kind of silkscreening with diarrhea . The rotting corpse of our culture fleeing for its own boomeranged vomit.

PANIC is the word. Driven by physical, economical, social and time limits under the regime of a mind that is effervescing about twelve years ago BSS started somewhere in the corner of a room in the semi-constructed house he still lives in but now with family. No time or energy to operate in a group , the energy had to go somewhere.

So, staying out of leaking areas in the ceiling and accompanied by the remains of some instruments and poor musical skills , there it was:

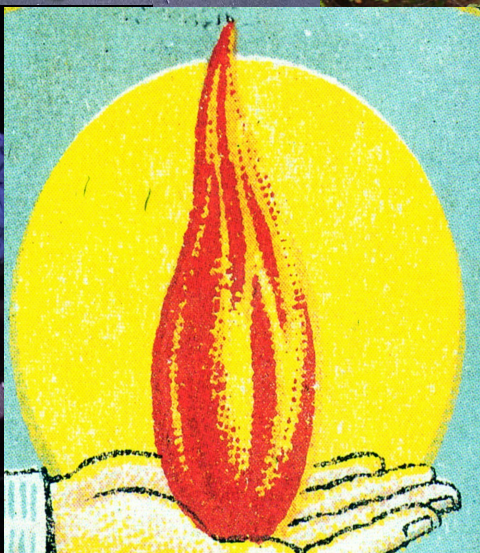
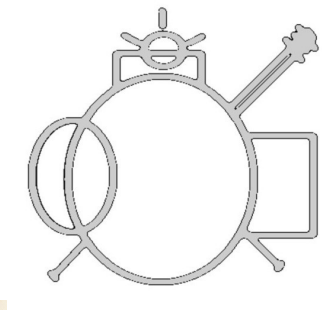


Songs, No-Songs, pretentious garage trash rock with obligate yet recreative mini-tours. Getting bored by the rituals in the world of rock after a few years , it was time to shake things up a little .

So there it was : BELCHKITCHEN , a semi-physical area with an output in the form of performances and different media; collaborations , negers in het onderwijs, cassettes, incesternet , anal warrior , brokenword, noises , costumes , hot sauce , vinyl , cdr's , D.J.schopschijf , drawing, printstuff , vomit , schreeuwend koken , shows, show-offs, abroad, under-uberground, plastic , tape , tapes, hybridpackaging in which BSS works together with multitalented and equally haunted individual Kofabek.

Ok whatever. The state of beauty is defined by it's limitations. To have nicely sprayed jet of diarrhea keep your anal orifice as tight as possible !!

<https://soundcloud.com/belchkitchen> www.youtube.com/user/belch5/items/HybridpackagingUnleashed.org/34/items/HybridpackagingUnleashed.org







set accounts to
diarrhea

